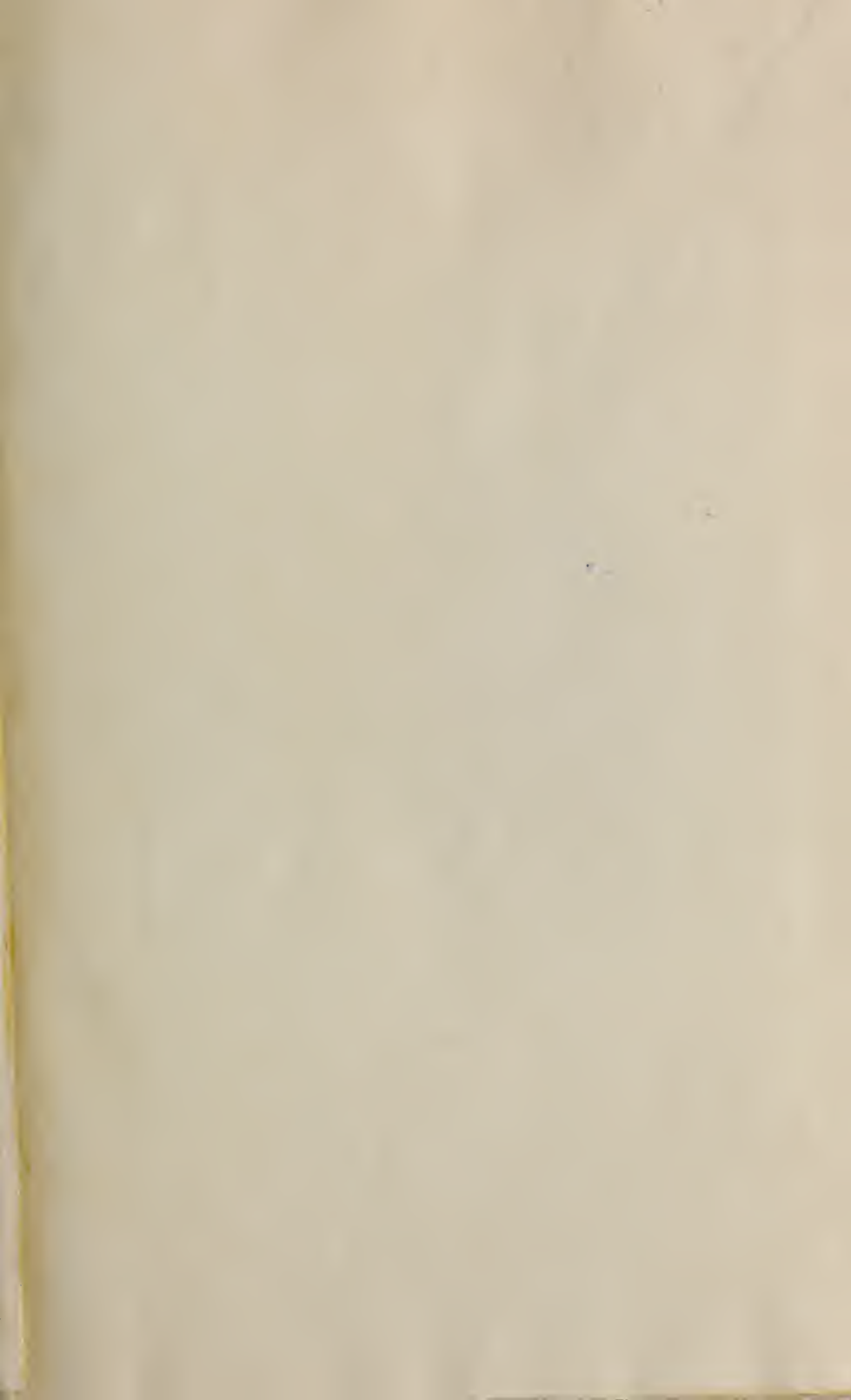


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NEGLECTED ARABIA.

July - September, 1909.

The New Laborer in the Plenteous Harvest.

REV. G. J. PENNINGS.

"Then saith He unto His disciples, The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest." These verses are familiar to all who have any interest in Missions. They are quoted and repeated at every missionary gathering. It is well that they should be. Here in a small compass we find mentioned the great factors in all missionary work, the need, those who are to supply the need, and the source from which they are to draw all their strength. The truth of these words cannot be emphasized too much. Let them be repeated again and again until they become to all, not merely a combination of convenient and time-worn phrases, but a tremendous, living fact.

But the new missionary, as he goes out for the first time, and catches a first glimpse of the harvest field, gets a clearer understanding and a more powerful impression of the meaning of these words of Christ than he has ever had before. To him they become terribly real. That was our experience as we went out to the mission field, and for the first time saw the multitudes of our brethren living in heathen lands. We saw something of it at Port Said, and caught a glimpse of it at Aden, while the week spent at Bombay gave us a very vivid impression as to the meaning of the words "the harvest is plenteous."

But we were especially susceptible to impressions when we neared our own future field of labor and entered the Persian Gulf. Since our boat was a slow one, and stopped at several ports, we had the better opportunity to see something of the field. The first port at which we landed, after leaving Karachi, was Muscat. As usual, crowds of swarthy natives crowded about the boat to discharge the cargo. When we landed we had to walk some distance till we found, outside the old city wall, the only missionaries in Oman. But there were the multitudes of natives, there was the harvest field. Again, after we left Muscat, we remained for a day in the

harbor of Bunder Abbas. There lay a large city, with the mountains back of it towering heaven high. Thousands of people live in that city. Another day we spent in the harbor of Lingah. In the evening we could hear the muezzin call the people to prayer, but in answer to the question as to whether there were any missionaries in those cities, we were told that a colporteur visits them about once in two years. True, these last two cities are on Persian soil, and, therefore, do not rightly belong to the field of our Arabian Mission, but in the eyes of Him who spoke of the plenteous harvest they belong to that harvest.

Afterward we were for a day off the Pirate Coast before the city of Dubai. Dubai is on Arabian soil, and is rapidly growing in commercial importance. But how many missionaries are there here to work in this part of the harvest field? Not one. About once a year our missionaries are enabled to make a tour to this coast, and colporteurs sometimes go twice a year, but this is the only way the Gospel is preached to them. How much can we expect the masses to hear and remember as the result of these short visits, of which many are not even aware. Besides, only a comparatively small part of the coast can be touched at a visit.

Bahrein is a refreshing exception to this dearth of missionaries, for here is another of our Mission stations. But what about Hassa and Katif, where our missionaries are sometimes denied admittance, and what about that long string of towns and villages, not to mention the towns of the interior, which lie scattered for hundreds of miles along the coast between Muscat and Hassa and Katif? Not a single permanent missionary is found there. And then farther up from that strategic point Kuweit, until we come to Busrah, not a single missionary. Yea, indeed, now we realize some of the significant meaning of these words, "The harvest indeed is plenteous," and also the meaning of that other phrase in all its dread reality, "The laborers are few."

There are no lighthouses in the Persian Gulf, and ship captains will tell you long tales of the dangers of navigating that Gulf, especially by night. It is a type of the spiritual condition. It is true that we have three spiritual lighthouses, if we include Busrah some distance up the river, but there is a limit to the area to which they can effectively supply the light, so that there are thousands upon thousands of human beings in dense darkness, without spiritual light, in hourly danger of suffering spiritual shipwreck.

We thank God that we as a Church may do something to relieve that intense spiritual darkness, and when we see the extent of the field and the difficulties of the work, we are amazed that so

much impression has been made. But the fact remains, also for Arabia, "The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

Not that we despise the day of small things, or ever doubt that the mustard seed can grow into a large tree. But this does not say that the Church of Christ may be satisfied with small things. If the smallness of the effort is due to the lack of interest or unwillingness to sacrifice, the Church has no right to expect great results. He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly, is true in this respect. May the Church of Christ, in view of these conditions, increasingly labor in prayer to the Lord of the harvest, for now, as in the days when Christ was upon the earth, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Odds and Ends of the Bahrein Girls' School.

MRS. MINNIE W. DYKSTRA.

It is not to introduce to you a new department of the work, or to introduce you to new friends, that this letter is written, but to renew acquaintance, to increase interest, and to benefit the work.

Through lack of help the teaching in this school has been done by the different missionary ladies as they have found time to add it to other work. The attendance is not of Arab girls, as many suppose. According to the law of their prophet, Arab girls of eight years old and upward practically become prisoners in their own homes, and so attending school is entirely out of the question, however much they might wish to come. The Persian girls and women, however, enjoy much more freedom, and it is from among these that the roll is made up. This, of course, brings its own difficulty. The teachers ought to know Persian as well as Arabic, but till now it has been impossible for them to do so, either because of lack of time while still studying Arabic, or because of inability to find a Persian teacher. The total enrollment, of Persian girls only, has gone above forty, but, of course, not nearly all of these are in regular attendance.

There is no compulsory school law in Bahrein or anywhere in Arabia, neither is there any law against child labor. The parents have not been taught, and why should the children be taught, especially the daughters? If garments are to be had, or at Christmas time a doll and some candy is given, perhaps a covetous mother may send her little girl, or encourage her to go, in the hope of obtaining a gift. In such a case the teacher must use much discretion in distributing the gifts, so as not to foster this spirit of begging,

nor to discourage even such attendance, however paltry the motive, much less to offend those in regular attendance by treating the irregulars like themselves. It is often quite a problem, for jealousy is not an unknown quantity among these girls. But absolute sincerity and justice in dealing out rewards of merit has its own reward, and gradually the girls begin to appreciate the system.

To encourage regular attendance, rewards were given every Friday to those who were present every one of the five school days. It often seemed hard to abide by the rule. For the children have no calendars or timepieces at home; all days are alike to them, and the recess of Saturday and Sunday is a difficult thing to remember. And so it frequently occurs that, instead of beginning on Monday, they come in on Tuesday morning, and, quite unable to remember or to keep track of the days, expect a prize on Friday with the faithful ones. Then it is not an easy matter, when tears of disappointment fill their eyes, to keep firm, knowing that they are not to blame for their ignorance. But as the larger girls, through hard experience, are being educated up to this rule, they explain it to the smaller ones, and help them to understand its justice and necessity. To help them, the teacher carefully explains every Friday morning at the close of school that there is no school on the next day, nor the day after that, but on Monday. And still on Saturday and Sunday mornings most of the girls are sitting about the gate, ready for school, not knowing whether it is the next day, or the day after, or Monday, and they seem to think it safer to come each day till the open door on Monday tells them that school has begun for another week.

The girls display as varied traits of character here as in the schools of America. There are the industrious and idle, frivolous and serious, good and bad tempered, sunny and morose, bright and dull, loving and beloved, and friendly and friendless. An introduction to them and the lives they live may help to bring our little Persian girls nearer to the love and prayers of all who read about them.

First, there is Chargooly, a little girl of about six, with beautiful, soft brown eyes, a very regular face, one of the prettiest little girls in the school. She seems like a little American girl in her actions, more than any other. Full of imagination and spirit, she imitates all that is being done in school. If she does not know the song that the others are singing then her lips are always trying to form the words as she sees them forming on the teacher's lips, and during prayer she has a little play all by herself, in imitation of what is going on. When first the missionaries saw her she was as

shy as a wild deer, for all these children were, and in some homes still are, taught that the infidels will cut their throats if once they come within their reach. But gradually Chargooly's fears have been dispelled, and now when we go out for a walk and pass by her house, Chargooly and her bosom friend, Zahary, run out to meet us, and, each taking a hand, walk far out with us into the desert. Or if we go out on some errand, they trot along contentedly, always humming their favorite hymn, "There is a Happy Land;" then they wait patiently for the errand to be accomplished, and go back with us to the house. Truly, she is a child that no one can help loving, with all her winsome, loving ways.

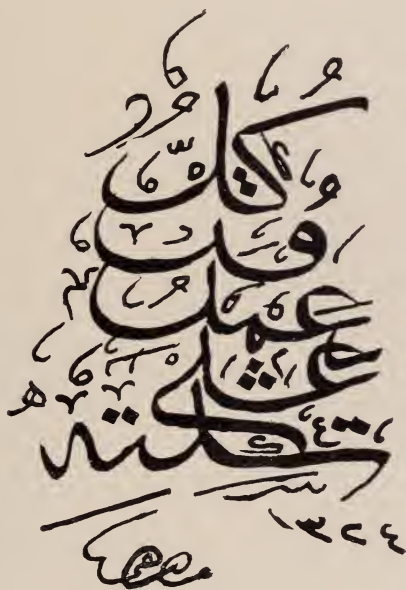
Then there is Majey, poor, one-eyed Majey. Her home life is not conducive to sweeten her temper. Adopted, fed, and sheltered, only that merit may be gained, the nine-year-old orphan earns more than all she gets. Her present home is back of the Mission compound, and from early morning until dark the call can be heard, "Majey! Majey!" Majey must run errands, do the family marketing, mind the children, bring the firewood—which latter means going out with a large gunny sack, hunting and gathering the stray pieces of wood, and when the sack is full, a bundle as large as herself, carrying it, coolie fashion, to her home, be it near or far. Quick to resent a correction or a cruel sting or taunt from unkind and thoughtless schoolmates, her face often threatens a tempest, which clears off like April showers, leaving in its wake only sunshine and smiles. She is a loyal little soul, and, to the children of the home she lives in, she is a watchful guardian, and always ready to take up the cudgels in their defense. In writing she has made the most rapid progress of any in school, and a word of commendation and approval lights up her face. One cannot but realize that in her heart there is a chord that responds to love and kindness.

Fatimah is a little girl of about eight, who very seldom comes to school. She is too busy. Early in the morning she is at work, sweeping the yard around the hut she calls her home, gathering firewood and running errands to the bazaar to get the day's supply of "delin" (grease), fish, etc. When this is done she takes her little stock of supplies, consisting of bundles of kindling and matches, sits down on the road directly in front of the school—a shop mistress now, ready for any would-be customer. And here she sits all day, in the fierce blaze of the sun or in a cold shemal, when her scanty clothing is quite insufficient to keep off the chill wind. But Fatimah does not lead an idle life here, although the work itself might be conducive to idleness. She is a clever little girl, and out of stray pieces of wood and rags picked up on the rubbish heaps

she makes dolls and toys. No one has taught her, and there is no inducement for her little fingers to work so skilfully and industriously except the pleasure it brings to her. Often it happens that there are no customers, and then if a few playmates join her she gets a chance to play, but usually she is alone. Fatimah's face is always a pleasure to look at. No matter how busy she is, she is always smiling and happy. Her untrained hands show great skilfulness, and her crude toys indicate good imagination and judgment, and she might be trained into a very skilled worker if only she came to school more regularly. But she cannot; she must work. Perhaps her father lounges about the house and smokes his nargeeleh, while his little girl is the bread-winner. The profit of the sales at the close of each day amount to but little, but if it is enough to buy a few provisions for the family, why should Fatimah go to school? No "baises" are earned there, and Fatimah is only a girl.

Another little girl who is a type of many is Sheery. She has very defective eyesight—perhaps incurable—and, through the squalor and filth in which she lives, the trouble will no doubt be aggravated until Sheery becomes blind. She is only about nine, and is now little better than one-eyed. After painstaking efforts on her part and infinite patience on the part of teachers, she has learned her letters. Not that she is so dull, but all her vision is crooked. She writes her letters upside down, and has learned them topsy-turvy, but she persisted in spite of all these obstacles, and began to read. Very few have shown such persistence and courage, and it gives great satisfaction and pleasure, especially to the teacher, to see such good results and to realize that there are such possibilities even in unpromising surroundings. In a large measure Sheery's success was due to herself, for she was teachable and tractable as well as faithful in attendance, and the importance of this last virtue cannot be overemphasized. Many bright girls with the best advantages, through their fitfulness of disposition and general irregularity, fail to make progress as this little plodder has done. Then, too, she endeared herself by her peaceable nature. Some of the girls can fight like tigers, as their mothers, and on the least provocation will revile one another. But Sheery knows how to mind her own business and how to refrain from quarrelling with others. She is an affectionate child, and often refers to her home, her parents, and particularly her little brother. Not many take the trouble to talk about their home life, and if they do it is about the probability of being whipped, a fight, or similar gossip. Sheery's home is one of the very poorest among the poor Persians, and it

was pitiful to see her come some mornings in such scanty and ragged clothes, and so, during the sewing hour, she was given every assistance and advantage, that as much as possible might be done to alleviate her poverty and want. She had been so regular and was making such good progress that it seemed particularly hard to have her stop all at once. No one seemed to know the reason why Sheery was absent day after day. And then one day she was seen on the streets, and when inquiries were made why she was not coming any more, the answer was, "My father is dead, and I must work and earn money." Poor child, the present offers but little to her in her girlhood, while the future promises still less to her in her womanhood.



ARABIC MONOGRAM.

Written by an eleven-year-old Moslem pupil in the Busrah School.

As has been stated, there is not the least conception on the part of the parents of the importance or necessity of educating the girls; the sewing brings many, because a quilt, when finished, goes to her who sewed it, and others will come for a few days, or once a week, just because there is a crowd. Then others often come into the school after the session has begun, with a kettle or dish on their heads, on their way to or from the daily market. These usually are older girls who are married, and the first remark often is, "Hurry up; I must go home, or my husband will beat me."

However, the teacher becomes hardened to these remarks. It may often be the truth, but the girls do not in the least mind telling untruths. They usually act like spoiled children and as if their coming means showing us a favor, and so threatening us to gain an advantage for themselves. Letting them feel our independence is often the best cure for such cases. Then there are the girls whose eyesight is so defective that they are almost blind. When these are little girls they expect to be put in the lower classes. But if they are older girls they want to be with those of their size. The motive of gaining knowledge has not yet been fostered; all they want is to be with the crowd, and so when divisions into classes are made they are not always willing to keep on coming.

While the results may not be immediate and impressive, the daily round of duties will have its own reward, as these Persian girls so often sing:

“Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.”

New Fields.

DR. SHARON J. THOMS.

When we started for our annual meeting in January everyone thought we would remain in Bahrein, where we had been since 1900, and that Dr. Mylrea would go to Muscat to take up the work for which he had been preparing for the last two years, but certain reasons were brought forward for our going to Oman to establish the medical work there. So we were assigned “to Medical Work in Oman,” to open work, if possible, at Muttrah, a city about three miles from Muscat.

This sudden transfer was a great surprise. I at once began to wonder what the “mem sahib” would think of it. She had stayed behind at Bahrein with the children, and intended doing the annual house cleaning in my absence, her school being closed a part of that time.

On account of poor mail connections between Busrah and Bahrein, I could not let her know until I returned three weeks later. The awfulness of moving and of taking the children to Muscat, or, what seemed worse, to Muttrah, where only a native house could be secured, loomed up pretty hugely. Soon the house that had just been put in order was in disorder; all books, pictures, stores, furniture, and children’s playthings, etc., etc., were being put into boxes,

crates, or sacking, and when all was on the verandah, two hundred packages great and small, and we were waiting for the coolies to take them to the small boats for the ship, we felt like the old lady who was getting into a street car with her ten children. The conductor, after helping her and the youngsters aboard, in a friendly mood said, "Are these all yours or are you going to a picnic?" She said, "They're all mine, and it's no picnic."

We had a stormy passage, and on the day we reached Muscat a very unusual storm was raging. We had a great deal of difficulty in getting ashore in the Muscat small boats, and our furniture was badly scratched and broken, in spite of all the care we had taken in packing and handling it. Mr. and Mrs. Barny and the children had intended leaving for America by the same ship, but the ship dragged anchor, and the captain steamed away without them.

A stormy passage and landing seemed to portend what was awaiting us on shore, as the Sultan showed a fearful dislike to the idea of a Medical Missionary entering his dominions. Mr. Barny and I were called before the Sultan and told that there were already sufficient doctors in his realm, and I must leave, at least not practice. We pointed out that there was only one doctor in Muscat, and none at all in Muttrah, unless he counted the native "hakims," who could not even remove a splinter from a foot without exposing the patient to blood poison; that there would be plenty of work for at least six doctors in either place mentioned, and, more than that, our treaty gives us the right to practice here, especially while there is a doctor of another nation doing so.

The opposition continued, and as the only American representative is a deputy consul, who is a Moslem and a British Indian subject, the amount of support and assistance I received may be imagined. This is the only representative we have from Beyrout to Baghdad, a distance by coast line of five thousand miles. The matter has now been referred to Washington, where I hope that not only this difficulty will be satisfactorily settled, but that at least one properly trained consul may be appointed for this coast with residence at Muscat.

After some difficulty we secured a house in Muttrah, and by repairs and a few changes we have made it habitable. When the small consignment of medicines that I had ordered from India arrived I began seeing patients in Muscat, and in a few days had all I could attend to. This was done while repairs, overseen by my partially trained compounder, were being pushed on the house at Muttrah. We finally moved on the instalment plan, in order not to close the Dispensary to those who came for medical relief. I had to do this work alone, except for such help as my wife could

give me with the women. The day we finally moved to Muttrah, before leaving Muscat, we treated ninety-seven patients, besides overseeing the moving process that proceeded during the day.

We moved to Muttrah April 8, and opened a Dispensary in our house, downstairs, on the 12th, in the meantime having fitted up the rooms for the purpose as best we could with what little equipment we had, and unpacked our little stock of medicines. A few patients came the first day, more the next, and they increased as news of our presence and treatments spread, until the second week when we treated nine hundred patients in that week alone. One day of



GUARDS OF MUSCAT GATE.

the same week we treated two hundred and twelve patients. I say "we," because if my wife had not helped me I would have been completely snowed under. I was pretty tired, though very happy when the week ended. Our prayers were being answered, and we were gaining the favor of the people, which we craved, that we might not only be used mightily for God, but also that our position might be strengthened here, and His cause thereby furthered, and the name of Christ magnified and His claim as Saviour of this needy people finally accepted.

I have been very favorably impressed with the Arab people of this field. They are not only very cordial and friendly, but, com-

pared with the Bahrein Arabs, very clean, their little huts showing often remarkable cleanliness and order. Most of the women wear no veils, some wearing only a sort of mask, which they do not mind taking off while being treated. The poor people make no attempt to veil, and when I go into their homes the women come around and converse like human beings, instead of sitting in a corner with their heads covered, if they come in at all, as I have been used to seeing in Busrah and Bahrein.

We are enthusiastically hopeful of the work at Muttrah.

There are two classes, however, who do not understand much Arabic. The wealthy merchant class from Hyderabad, India, speaks an Indian dialect, a large number of them knowing practically no Arabic. Then there is a large number of people from Beluchistan, who speak a language similar to Persian, but, unfortunately, not enough like it to enable us to use the little Persian we learned at Bahrein. After all, this is only local, and we hope soon to be seeing more people from the interior of Oman than from Muttrah itself, and these are all pure Arabs.

May our surgery, our medicine, and the love of Christ, which we try to reflect through our lives as we come in contact with these people, lead them to accept Him whom we have come to proclaim as their Saviour.

Address Before Busrah Educational Society.

REV. JOHN VAN ESS.

[One of the results of the new regime in Turkey was the forming of the Busrah Educational Society. It is composed of army officers, pashas, prominent merchants, mullahs and government officials, who discuss questions of internal politics, literary and moral subjects and all that tends to uplift the empire. Religious discussion is, however, debarred. The following is the translation of an address, delivered on invitation, before the society on May 21st. Twenty years ago strenuous efforts were made to drive out our missionaries from Busrah. That, to-day, a missionary whose purpose is known is accorded a respectful and cordial hearing, in the presence of the Governor, and over a hundred prominent natives, shows *what God hath wrought*.—J. V. E.]

Fathers and Brethren:

I do not know when if this term has ever before fallen from the lips of an Occidental in Busrah. If not, I regret it, and yet I consider it one of the honors of my life to be the first one so to address you. It is eminently fitting. I come to you, by Divine Providence, from the uttermost parts of the earth, and yet, though I am proud of my race, my people, and my country, I do not forget in this hour that the light that has lighted our path to greatness arose from the Orient. It is fitting that I should stand here and with

reverence address you as *my fathers*, as Orientals my fathers, as men, flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, with one Creator, and one grave in the lap of our common earth, my brothers.

First of all, I ask you to pardon my faltering tongue. Should my lips obey my heart I could do justice to the "language of the angels." I purpose Tafhim, not Fasaha; to be understood, not to be eloquent. And, again, though my subject gives room thereto, I shall refrain from entering into all religious discussion, in accordance with the rules of this society.

My subject is: The Oriental is more capable of civilization than the Occidental.

And I shall plead for the Oriental.

Perhaps you are suspicious of my motives in choosing this subject. You surmise that I am but prompted by etiquette, inasmuch as I am your guest, or by diplomacy that I may gain your favor. Indeed, it would be but poor etiquette on my part should I not thus requite the countless kindnesses shown me by His Ottoman Majesty's subjects during more than six years' residence in Busrah. Nor do I simply court your favor; I court your welfare and the welfare of your great empire. Were it not so, I should not have left my native land to dwell in fever-ridden Mesopotamia.

You pertinently ask: "Shall a stranger know us better than we know ourselves?"

I ask you: "Why does not, or cannot, a physician, when he is ill, diagnose his own malady?"

Man is by nature a social being. Look at his constitution; he has ears to hear, he has eyes to see, he has a tongue to speak. We conclude that the Creator, be He praised, in creating him thus purposed that man should not live alone, but that he not only can but must use these senses, these powers, not for himself, but for others. In his association with his fellow-men he, therefore, advances, for he obeys his constitution and the deepest intuitions of his being. Therefore civilization is man's duty.

But what is civilization? By what rule do we decide that this man is civilized and that man is not? If we look at the word "temeddum" we find it derived from the same root as the word "medinat." Likewise in English, civilization is from the root "civitas," a city, a state. Is it, then, that he who lives alone or away from men is uncivilized, and he who inhabits a city, because he does so, is civilized? By no means, for we know that some of the greatest savages live in cities, and some of God's finest and noblest live alone and apart from cities. The word "medinat" is an arbitrary word, an idiom. We use it because by "medinat" we represent society, the whole.

What, then, is my definition of civilization? Civilization is a condition in which the individual and the whole endeavor to fulfil their obligations to each other.

It is not civilization when the individual alone endeavors to fulfil his obligation to the whole. That may be tyranny, as was Turkey under the old regime. It is not civilization when the whole alone endeavor to fulfil their obligation to the individual. That may be slavery.

But the individual and the whole have mutual duties to each other. When they recognize these and strive to fulfil them they are becoming civilized.

Who is the Oriental? And who is the Occidental? It is hard to give an exact definition. But I think, generally speaking, the inhabitants of Asia may be called Orientals, and those of Europe and America Occidentals. You see I have omitted to classify Africa. What is Africa? Both.

All will agree that the Occident in general is civilized, or on the way to civilization. They may differ in the degree of civilization, and there are exceptions, but, on the whole, all admit that the Occident is civilized.

In what does Occidental civilization consist?

(1) If I ask you this question, most of you will answer, "The civilization of the Occident shows itself in the facilities for living and for intercourse. By means of various inventions and discoveries far has become near, the air has become dry land, and the sea has become a 'meidan'; in short, nature serves man. Instead of fearing nature and its tremendous forces, man has become the friend of nature—nay, the master of nature. By these means man is able to associate with his fellow-man, and, since that is one of the purposes of his creation, he has become civilized and is growing in civilization every day."

(2) The second element of Occidental civilization is universal education.

In general, it may be said that all children of six years and over are placed in schools, and by order of government complete eight or ten years in school, so that by far the greater majority of Occidentals can read and write—of both males and females. We said before that by means of inventions and discoveries all Occidentals are able to reach each other, to associate with each other. And since we have duties to each other, by means of universal education we learn what are these duties. In proportion as we learn these duties we advance in civilization.

(3) The third evidence of our Occidental civilization is our freedom.

Freedom to speak, to think, to do, freedom for men and for women, true freedom—i. e., not the unlimited freedom of the jackal of the desert; that is license, but the limited freedom of the ship moving majestically, but bound by the river banks, or the freedom of the tree, bearing luscious fruit, but bound and rooted to the earth.

This, then, is our civilization. It consists of facility of intercourse and living, universal education, and freedom.

What are the causes thereof?

(1) The Occidental has the power of initiative. He can begin. That requires courage, individual courage. Why has the Occi-



WOMAN'S DISPENSARY CLINIC, BUSRAH.

dental this trait? Because he has no past, no great and glorious past. Therefore, he does not revere the past, and is not bound by it. He must depend upon the present and the future for his reputation. But the Oriental is not so. His past is hidden in the mists before history began. It is a great and glorious past—a past when his forefathers walked and talked with God, ages and ages before the Occident came into being. Surfeited and satisfied with this glorious past, the Oriental has fallen into a deep sleep. He needs only to be awakened. To come back to the point in hand. The Oriental has not the power of initiative. I hear many of my Oriental friends in Busrah suggest new ideas, new plans, but they never begin.

(2) Besides the power to begin, the Occidental has the power to continue. And that is very important. Many of my Oriental friends have the courage to begin a thing, but they do not continue. To continue requires not alone patience, but perseverance, stubbornness.

(3) But man, if he has begun and then continues, if he does not continue on the straight line, what is the benefit? The Occidental, besides his power of beginning and his power of continuing, respects integrity, truth.

(4) And with all these qualities, he has the power to unite. If one man alone begins, though he continue in the straight line, he alone advances, and his toil is greatly increased. But if all unite the strong draws the weak along the straight road, and the whole advance.

These are the evidences of our civilization: Facility of living and intercourse, education, freedom.

These are the causes thereof: Initiative, power to continue, uprightness, unity.

If we examine all these elements, we see in Occidental civilization one great outstanding feature: It is materialistic. All our inventions are physical—what can be seen, heard, tasted. I do not say it is our aim, but it is our danger.

And now we come to the question itself, Has the Oriental greater capability of civilization than the Occidental? We believe yes.

In every Oriental is found one element in particular which he inherits from his fathers, and to which by nature he inclines. It is that of *imitation*.

An Oriental can be lead 1,000 farsakhs—he cannot be driven one span. Give him a good leader, brave, capable, honest, the Oriental follows faithfully and tirelessly. Not alone does he follow, but he follows well. E. g., an Indian carpenter. Give him a picture of a piece of furniture, which has been made in America by workmen with complicated machines and at great cost. With his simple tools—his drill, his hammer, his adze, his saw, his chisel—sitting on the ground, no factory, no machines, he produces the furniture, exactly like the one in the picture—nay, better.

There is no need of multiplying examples. You know as well as I do that the Oriental can imitate. Inasmuch as the Oriental can imitate material things, why cannot he imitate the means, the facilities of living and intercourse, which the Occidental possesses? They are all material. With a capable teacher to lead them, to teach them, I am sure the Orientals can imitate all our Western inventions and discoveries.

What would be the result if here, as in Europe and America, far were made near, heavy were made light, the air were made dry land, and the sea a "meidan"? Men would learn to know each other, fanaticism of race and religion would disappear. And just here I want to show that the Oriental can surpass even the Occidental. The Oriental is celebrated for his sociability—he loves the company of men. If, then, he possessed the Occidental means of reaching men, he could cultivate still more his gift of sociability. This trait the Occidental has not. He does not like companionship like the Oriental. He has no coffee shops, no mejlises, such as are found in the Orient. And yet since man has duties to his fellow-man, the more he associates with his fellow-man so much the more does he learn to fulfil those duties.

Then the Oriental has ability to learn new languages, to learn new tongues. Of the hundred Occidentals, only ten know more than one language. It is hard for us to learn a new language; it is easy for you. If, then, you had the means, the facilities for intercourse, with your love for society, and your ability to acquire new and strange languages, you could so much advance beyond us in civilization.

Then the Oriental has another trait which the Occidental does not possess. It is generosity. He is generous. True, he bargains six hours for ten paras, and yet with the other hand he will give away his whole possession in hospitality. And with the facilities for living and intercourse, if the Occidental can do so much good, how much more can the Oriental?

And he has a fourth trait—a knowledge of human nature. He knows men's thoughts from afar; he reads men's actions and concludes what is in their minds. An Occidental is not so. He has no powers of imagination. He cannot read a man's probable action till it issues from his hand. With the facilities and the means for intercourse, knowing man's needs, his movements, his desires, why cannot he surpass the Occidental? I believe, therefore, that since the Oriental can imitate the Western means of intercourse and living, he can also cultivate those elements in his nature which he possesses above the Occidental and improve upon them.

The second feature in Occidental civilization we saw was universal education. I need not prolong my words to show that the Oriental is just as capable of education as the Occidental. Look at the history of the Orient and it is sufficient. Regarding the arts, look at the astronomy of the Chaldeans, the engineering of the Babylonians, the mathematics of the Arabs. Regarding the arts, look at the inventions of the Chinese, the ready hand of the Indian.

Regarding literature, the Proverbs of Solomon, King of Israel, and all the ballads and poetry of the East. Regarding commerce, look at our brethren, the Jews. The Oriental has a great capacity for education. He needs only to be educated, and that all be educated, in the new sciences, the new arts. He must borrow these from the West, it is true, but he can improve upon them. I want to prove that. I am a religious man, as you know. My friend and colleague, Dr. Bennett, here, is also a religious man. We do not hide our religion; we are proud of it. And yet the doctor and I can talk together six hours and not mention the name of Allah once. It is not because we do not know God, nor reverence God, nor love God, but such is our nature. The Oriental, no. Even the worst of men in the Orient cannot talk together two minutes before they mention the name of God several times. Why? It is their nature. They see God in everything, be they Christian, Jew, Moslem, or Hindu. Our nature is to distinguish between spirit and matter. The Oriental nature is to associate them, to join them. The Oriental often abuses this nature, he swears oaths and takes God's name in vain, but that is the abuse of his nature, not the use of it. He can put it to good use.

If, now, the Oriental were universally educated, and took advantage of this spiritual nature, how far could he outstrip us in civilization! For, after all, we must be civilized spiritually, as well as physically.

A third element in our Occidental civilization, we saw, was *freedom*—freedom of thought, of action, of movement. And this freedom comes from education—is its fruit always. And here also the Oriental can surpass the Occidental. Freedom requires patience, and true growth is slow and needs patience.

And now I want to mention something in which you may not agree with me. And yet I believe it from the bottom of my heart. The East needs freedom of its women. I do not say that they be allowed to do all that men do. Yet they should be given freedom to learn. Some one has said, "The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world." The foundation of a kingdom is the home, and the foundation of the home is the mother. But if that foundation be narrow or weak, the building will be narrow and weak.

Or another example. I have two feet. I cannot favor the one above the other—then I limp. My feet are a pair. Each needs the other. So man and woman, to be free, to advance, must both be strong and both free. The Oriental women can learn—they have unbounded capabilities.

Then the Oriental has another element above us—he reveres the

past. We have no past that we can revere in comparison with the Orient. It is true that is the cause of our power of initiative, and it gives us courage, for our present and future reputation depends upon what we do now. But they who have the past have experience, and experience is the best teacher. If, then, the Oriental learned the present and were taught by the past, how great would be his future!

What are the great obstacles to Oriental civilization? Why is it that he is in such a state of backwardness? You may say that it is the result of his indolence. You judge so because you see it, perhaps, in this hot country. But I think that, on the whole, the Oriental is not more indolent than the Occidental. In Southern America and Southern Europe we see the same results.

Or you may say covetousness, and yet I think that this is not of necessity an Oriental vice. I think we all inherited that disease from our father Adam, and he learned it from our common enemy, Satan, the accursed.

Or you may say lack of unity. Yet how can you unite when you cannot reach each other, when you cannot know each other?

Or you may say falsehood. And that is true. And yet education will teach you that, aside from all moral reasons, honesty is the best policy; that by travelling that straight road you reach your destination most quickly.

I have showed you your ability. I have showed you that there remains for you a glorious future. Why do you not stretch forth your hands to seize your birthright? Because you are sleeping—sleeping the sleep of ages. Awake, oh, sons of the East. Shake off that deadening sleep, and enter into the enjoyment of your inheritance. Do not forever be looking backward at what your fathers did, nor forever be blaming your fate. Arise and enter into the inheritance of the East.

Fathers and Brethren, I have finished my word. I ask of Allah, be He praised, only this, that He will allow me to spend my life in the Orient, to be a link between your race and mine. I pledge you that my race shall be only too willing to give you what we possess by His grace, and I am sure that with my eyes I shall see what I believe in my heart, **that the pupil of the master shall become a master and a half.*

*An Arab proverb.



OPENING OF THE HEDJAZ RAILWAY.

Opening of the Hedjaz Railway.

The Hedjaz Railway is already completed as far as Medina, and is being rapidly extended to Mecca, the capital, not only of Arabia, but of Islam. In September last the special correspondent of the *London Times* reported the impressive ceremonies which were held at Medina to celebrate the opening of the railway to the Holy City.

"After performing early morning prayers at the Prophet's Tomb, the Imperial Mission wended its way to the station outside the town, and there, before sunrise, found assembled a dense crowd of Mussulmen from all quarters of the globe. Field Marshal Miazim Pasha made a short speech, in which he declared himself extremely satisfied with the work of all who had been engaged in the making of the railway. Other notables followed him, and a striking speech was delivered by an Egyptian, Ali Kiamil, who, amid enthusiastic cheers, expressed his rejoicing that the Prophet had not permitted the railway to reach the Holy City before the Khalif had granted a constitution to the people. Djevad Pasha conveyed to the troops and engineers an official message from the Sultan, expressing his majesty's satisfaction at the success which had crowned their work, and then officially declared the line open."

The railway station has been built some distance from the sacred mosque which contains the Tomb of Mohammed, and the electric power that is used to light the station also illuminates the Tomb of the Prophet every night. The latest products of Western civilization have forced their way into the most secluded part of patriarchal Arabia.

Across Arabia in a Motor Car.

Not only are they building the railway to Mecca in Arabia, and has the Baghdad Railway project more and more become an accomplished fact, but a recent writer in the *London Times* gives an account of a startling journey which has just been made across Arabia in a motor car. Surely God is preparing a highway in the desert, and natural obstacles will soon be overcome toward the real penetration of Arabia. When the friends of the Arabian Mission read this article some of them may be led to think of the possibility of an automobile as a missionary asset. We quote from the *London Times* of May 14:

"Arabia has for the first time been traversed by a motor car. Starting from Alexandretta on November 14, Mr. David Forbes

drove to Baghdad in nine days, of which only sixty hours were spent in actual traveling. One day had to be devoted to business in Aleppo, and two days were lost in the construction of an improvised ferry at Anah, where the Euphrates was crossed. The ordinary traveler, be it noted, drives from Alexandretta to Aleppo in three days, and from Aleppo rides with the caravan to Baghdad in twenty-one days, with luck, making a journey of twenty-four days in all. Faster than the caravan he cannot go with any reasonable hope of completing the journey alive. The Arab tribes, however, appear to be interested in the progress of science, for this is the second occasion within one month on which they have permitted unescorted and unarmed foreigners to pass scatheless through their midst. Only the week before a young officer of the British Royal Artillery followed more or less the same route on a bicycle, covering the portion between Aleppo and Baghdad in the astonishingly short space of seven days. His haste, however, is explainable in that on more than one occasion he had to ride for his life.

"Mr. Forbes's party consisted of himself, his English driver, an Assyrian mechanic, a Baghdad cook, and an Arab guide—total, five. The party possessed no maps—none worth possessing exists—and were entirely at the mercy of the Arab guide, whose previous knowledge of the capacities of wheeled vehicles of any type was nil.

"Mr. Forbes tells me that the principal obstacles en route were the 'wadis,' or small ravines, met with in the most unexpected places: the irrigation channels along the banks of the Euphrates, occasional spells of soft sand, the roads, and, of course, the Euphrates itself. To any one who has traveled in Turkey the inclusion of the roads in this list will cause no surprise. Once well away from the valley of the river and the road, the going, as a rule, was splendid, and the baked crust of the actual desert itself can only be compared to the Brooklands racing track. The river was crossed by forming a raft of two of the local box-shaped boats known as shaktoors, and by running the car on to it from an earthen ramp—not an easy engineering feat for amateurs—and complicated by the fact that half-way across the river, here about 250 yards wide, one of the shaktoors inconsiderately began to sink.

"From Anah, where the Euphrates was crossed, the valley was left and a bee-line taken straight across the desert to Baghdad. It would probably have been better to have steered a straighter course through the desert between Aleppo and Anah, or even to have made the original plunge from Damascus, instead of attempting to follow, more or less, the ordinary Euphrates valley trade route. In desert countries the selection of a route for ordinary traffic depends almost

entirely upon the water supply, and it is only natural that a river line is followed whenever possible rather than the alternative, a series of wells, on which one can never rely. For a motor car, however, the choice is less restricted, for the car itself does not require water, nor is sitting in it such thirsty work as driving camels—or even riding them, when they trot. The camel, it is true, has a world-wide reputation for being able to subsist for many days without a drink, and in Somaliland they sometimes really do. But in Arabia the breed appears to have deteriorated, for here they will thirst perhaps for three days, after which they die, protesting—as they do in Hindustan.

“To the Arabs the spectacle was unique. Of the comments of the Bedouin unfortunately no record remains—the car was always out of range before they had time to recover from their surprise. In the very rare villages where halts were made for the night the usual greeting was, ‘Mash-alla! Shemeen de fer!’—‘Good God! The (Baghdad) Railway!’ All were invariably friendly, and in their childish delight ready to render every possible assistance to the crew. Their intense curiosity, however, or desire, perhaps, to convince both themselves and their friends that the car was a reality and not a dream, led to petty thefts of anything detachable, such as nuts or screws—a point which future motorists in Arabia would be wise to bear in mind.

“Local government authorities are much impressed with Mr. Forbes’s journey, and a scheme is already being mooted for a motor postal service between Baghdad and Damascus or Aleppo. Under existing conditions the posts are distinctly erratic, and quite a large proportion fail to get through at all. News arrived, for instance, only two days ago that the last to leave Baghdad had been looted on the way. It would, at any rate, be interesting to see how long the defensive value of surprise endured, and what system the Bedouin would adopt for laying motor traps.” S. M. Z.

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